The SECOND PART
Of the Nevv Ballad

Of the Late and Terrible Fight on St. *James's* day One Thousand 666.
To the Tune of the First part Written and Printed at *London*.

A Second part, I here indite
Of the English and Dutch Bloody Fight
With a *Thump, Thump, Thump, Thump, Thump,*
Thump, Thump, upon *Thump*.

This only tells what was done since,
The Renowned *Duke* and Famous *Prince*,
Made the *Seven Headed Beast* to wince
With a *Thump*, &c.

As you the first so sing this too
To the French Tune call'd *Monsieur Ragon*,
With a *Thump*, &c.
Or else because that this discourses
Of *Beauforts* and *De Ruyters* Forces
Call the Tune *The Dancing Hobby Horses*,
With a *Thump*, &c.

Sing not *High English* in *Low Dutch*
Though now our Foes are truly such
With a *Thump*, &c.
This must be Sung not said at all
And they that Sing must Rise and Fall

Old *Rome* neere did ought worth a doyn
Compar'd with *Holmes's* brave exploit,
With a *Thump*, &c.
The Tale of Ten years War for *Hellen*
Homer had never thought worth telling,
Had he but heard of *Vly* and *Schelling*
With a *Thump*, &c.

Twelve *East-land* Ships did likewise fall-in
To the hands of stout Sir *Thomas Allen*
With a *Thump*, &c.
And we now spite of *Adelar*
And *Beaufort* too have Pitch and Tarr
And Ropes enough to end the Warr
Without a *Thump*, &c.

Our Victory hath but one Flaw
The Unhappy loss of the *Breda*
Without any *Thump*, &c.
On the *Dutch* Coast she ran aground
And without men was strangely found
They merit Hanging if not Drown'd
With a *Thump*, &c.

The *Duke* of *York* and *King* now sales
The Sea-men too deserve some Bayes
With a *Thump*, &c.

For though the Officers bear the Bell
The private Sea-men Rung the *Dutch Knel*
With a *Thump*, &c.
The *Bores* fought well with Brandy Drunk,
But in two houres their Courage sunk
And then like beaten Stock-Fish stunk.
With a *Thump*, &c.

Goliah like, look'd *Houndsfoot* and *Skellum*,
But *Monk* and's Fryers with Slings and Stones fell'um
With a *Thump*, &c.
Ruyter swears that *Trump* came not to's Aid
Trump swears *Ruyter* ran like Coward afraid,
We had done both their works had they staid.
With a *Thump*, &c.

While *Trump* and *Ruyter* sneake in th' *Welling*
The brave English land at *Vly* and *Schelling*,
With a *Thump*, &c.
A thousand Houses with eight score Ships,
We Fired like so many Chips,
And made the States to bite their Lips,
With a *Thump*, &c.

This was a most prodigious Rap,
To loose five Millions at a Clap
With a *Thump*, &c.
We beg but one boon more kinde Fates
Their *India* Fleet and then proud States
Wee'l make you shit as small as Rats,
With a *Thump*, &c.

Alas, alas, poor baffl'd *Hans*,
The *Dane* can't ayd thee, nor dares *France*
Though thou hast had *Thump*, upon *Thump*,
Thump, Thump, upon *Thump*.
The *Monsieurs*, Fleet a Maggy Crew is
Monks brave Boys that eat Beef and Brewis
Cry a F--- for *Denmark* and King *Lewis*
With a *Thump*, &c.

Bow then to *Charles* distressed States
After so many broken Pates,
With a *Thump*, *Thump* still upon *Thump*, &c.
Beg Peace or next your Banks shall Rue,
And we will give the Divel his Due,
He shall take *Monsieur*, the Sea drown you
Then are ye both *Thumpt* and *Mumpt* and *Mumpt*, &c.

Now to conclude I will take care
As Ballads use to end with Prayer,
With a *Thump*, &c.
For Ballads made of the old Fashion
Should still conclude with Supplication
For King and Queen, and the whole Nation
With a *Thump*, &c.

God Bless the *Swede*, he's not our Foe,
And *Spains* King too, though *France* say no,
They both wish the *Dutch* well *Thumpt*, *Thumpt*, &c
Heaven send our Fleet Auspicious Gales
Our King and Queen a Prince of *Wales*
And then let who will bite their Nayles
When we all our foes have *Thumpt*, and *Mumpt*, &c.

Printed in the Year, 1666.